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pears amongst them. In order to become a Tarbellite one must merely manage to cover large surfaces with pyrotechnic displays of technique. This is why the school has so many followers.

And then, sorry to say, their ever-changing technique bears also no characteristic of its own. None of them has acquired a style like Henri Martin, for instance, whose pictures look as if they were painted on rough walls, or Raffaelli, whose pictures seem to be drawn with mud and colored with pastel. The Tarbellites are like clever American tailors, who closely follow the latest innovations, cut and material, of their European brothers. And thus they have been influenced successively by Whistler, Sargent, Boldini, Degas, Zorn and many others, and lately Raffaelli and Abbott Thayer. Nevertheless, we must praise them for good taste in the selection of their masters; they would never, for instance, fall into extravagances like Dannat, who paints Spaniards in a Japanese manner with magnesium flash-light illumination.

It is certain that all who care for elegant brushmarks, veritable bareback performances, will be satisfied, nay, enthusiastic about the Tarbellites, for it would be an absurdity to deny that they are clever men with a flexible hand and a sense of color. It is a pity, however, that they suffer from a disease peculiar to all artists: they are not satisfied with their accomplishments; they would like to paint like geniuses, and that is impossible to them (because they are not and never will be geniuses). So they adopt the exterior traits of geniuses, a certain nonchalance and hauteur, mannerisms and idiosyncracies, etc., and are often so unfortunate that they appear like inferior actors who make the by-play the principal attraction, which could never happen to a Salvini or Duse.

LES PARNASSIENS.

TOWARDS the end of the seventies, in a time full of gloom and anxiety, when Clio prepared to engrave a deep, important line into the bronzetables of history, a peculiar clan of young men assembled almost daily in a little festive room with laughing green wallpaper in the *passage des princes*. They all carried bundles of manuscripts under their arms or in their pockets. The founder and patriarch of this peculiar congregation was a slender, alert youth, as beautiful as one paints those pages who loved queens, with roses blooming on his fair cheeks and a proud mane of ash-blond hair, falling in confused locks upon his shoulders.

The neighbors, or other respectable citizens of Paris, when asked for information appeared sus-

picious, they had nothing but the most unfavorable things to report. In the first place, these young men were completely insane, one and all, even incurable; they seemed to be competing as to who would be the first to get into an asylum; besides that they were wicked fellows, capable of anything, and lastly—God be merciful to suffering humanity!—they pretended to found a new school of poetry.

Broadminded persons, however, who studied their doings, could not believe these reports. These young men neither slandered the old poets and their fame, nor did they (like the Symbolists at present) consider themselves finished masters and the others helpless botchers, but almost *vice versa*. Without even a programme to announce all the glories that were to come, they smoked their pipes and drank their claret and worked like ordinary mortals for hours—worked indefatigably and with a passionate obstinacy until midnight, often the whole night, until aurora pressed her astonished face against the panes. There they sat under a hanging lamp, at a long table, bending over large white sheets of paper, on which they continually crossed out and rewrote certain words, to take a new page after an hour's work and begin the work over again. Had it not been for certain wild unrestrained crops of hair and much eccentricity of costume, all out of fashion, no honest man could have taken them for the representatives of a new school of poetry.

The slender, blond youth with his ashen locks, as beautiful as the pages are painted, was Catulle Mendès, a great favorite of all. And he who has so well related how his companions clung to him, and what merry spring days they spent together in the *passage des princes*, is François Coppeé of the Academy; another regular frequenter of the little cosy room with its laughing green wallpaper was Sully Prudhomme. And this peculiar and suspicious guild which met there in daily work, restlessly filing and polishing at their poetical ware, and mutually assisting by an interchange of advice, in that time full of gloom and anxiety when the seventies neared their end, were the Parnassiens.

They called themselves by another name, however, Neo Romanticists, best of all.

It was only the wickedness of neighbors and respectable citizens that attached to them the epithet "Parnassiens," which signifies unskillful songsmiths who are only capable of producing mediocre rhymes. The critical public bestowed various other titles upon them; it mocked at them continually in anecdotes and caricatures, in vaudevilles and reviews, on the boulevard and in the brasseries; there was never a worse crowd of

Brooklynites. Originality, sincerity and genuine art do not succeed so easily.

And one drop, however muddy it may be, that rises from the depth of your soul, Mr. Davies, would be more valuable than hundred bucketsful of crystal water flowing from other sources!

P. S.—Nevertheless, if I had money, I would buy several of his pictures.

STUDENTS of the industrial arts, when abroad, should make it an object to become acquainted with the very best European artist-artisans accomplish in its various branches. I may make here a few suggestions. In England, the Cheependale furniture, Liberty imports, and Morris tapestries, draperies, etc., would be of special interest, also the National Competition exhibits in South Kensington. But I would not stay too long in England; the Continent offers better opportunities. The *Libre Esthetique* in Brussels, with men like Van de Velde, Lemmen, Van Rysseberghe, Finch, have at times very interesting exhibits. Their motto is "no reminiscences of precedent styles; if nothing new, at least nothing old." In Paris, a visit to the studio of Carabin would probably prove most valuable. Carabin is the foremost artist-artisan in Europe, thoroughly original and artistic; he knows the limitations of each material and does every bit of work himself without help. In *The L'Art Nouveau*, Paris, one can form, above all else, an estimate of the possibilities of modern pottery. It is the most advanced of all industrial arts. Cazin, sculptor Carries, Massier and the colorist Lévy Dhurmer have made ceramic ware remarkably beautiful in their metallic lustre and southern magnificence of color. Zsolnay, a Hungarian, makes majolica after old Turkish pattern. The Dane, Kähler, prefers solid looking ware of discreet coloring. Luneville and Dalpayrat indulge in heavy, massive forms, with dark-blue and red coloring. Delaherche renounces all originality and simply tries to compete with Japanese perfection. Bigot is decidedly the leader of this new movement. He excels in tiles in subdued brown and gray tones, which he animates with a shimmering crystalline surface that is effective and quite original with him. He has made a number of beautiful open fire-places and many a drinking vessel of dignified appearance. He neglects beauty of line almost entirely in favor of gradation of color. Ivory carving lately experienced a promising revival in Belgium. A trip to Nancy would undoubtedly prove very instructive. It is really the home of the new movement in interior decoration. Gallié, a fanatic of Wagnerian music, is fond of making holy graals, massive vessels with heavy color combination that remind one of Wagnerian rhythms. At times Gallié introduces decorative figures on his work. Marjorelle and the Daume Bros. also adhere to his style. Their Louis XV. furniture, of all possible kinds of wood, inlaid with floral ornaments, is perhaps a little too ornate for modern taste. The leather industry is taken care of by Camille Martin, Prouvé and Wiener.

Also, New York has one master-potter, Thomas Inglis, who displays his vases and jars of quaint forms, relying for their decoration almost entirely upon the beauty of their colored glazes, at Cottier & Co.

"OUR art of to-day lacks young people who realize by competent finished work the new (ideas) they strive for. We must have thinking painters. Studies alone are not sufficient."—ARNOLD BÖCKLIN.

CLARA MCCHESENEY has learned so much of certain modern Dutch painters that she will never forget it. The principal merit of her work is that she paints everything as if seen at five feet distance, which is proper. She surprises by a monotony of tone, which is only surpassed by her monotony of subjects. Her figures are just as dull, forlorn and beggarly looking as those of Israels, Neuhuys, Artz, etc., though not half as characteristic. Imitation never does. The original drawing of a child has more intrinsic art value than the finished picture of a clever imitator.

I HAD recently the opportunity to see some of the late Theodore Robinson's sketches. What correct, accomplished prose that man wrote with his brush! How sincere he was in his mannerisms, and what vital studies he painted with his sick and wasted body! He wanted reality, no lyrical scenery or theatrical sunsets, and his manner of looking at nature in comparison to that of other American landscapists was—if such a comparison is permissible—like Darwin's classification of the species to that of Linné. Theodore Robinson, the incurable invalid, was the most robust craftsman of Monet impressionism in America.

STRANGE, whenever I read the criticisms of American critics like Stedman, Brander Mathews, Lawrence Hutton, Willie Winter, H. A. Clapp, etc., I have to think of Francisque Sarcey, and whenever I read Sarcey I have to think of these American critics. They are, like him exceedingly clever panists, but who, strange to remark, prefer the old-fashioned spinet for their performances, an instrument which can produce no decent sound, at least for our Wagnerian ears. They invariably play the esthetics of hundred years ago, and we—it cannot be helped—live in the modern time. They mean it well, of course, but it is very much as if they were talking Hindostanee. Of course, they know what they are talking about, and if I had to enumerate their merits, I might be taken for an insincere flatterer; but just what we need most, an expression of modern life, of contemporary necessities, of to-day, is impossible to this language of yesterday. And that is the reason why a sentence of Jules Lemaitre, who is not half as wise as Sarcey, is worth ten times more than a whole column of Sarcey, and that is also the reason why I, however much I may learn from those gentlemen mentioned above, take it upon me to contradict them in nearly all they say. Sarcey and his American *confrères* are inherited wisdom and mature experience. Jules Lemaitre and I—we are also alike in speaking continually about ourselves without any shame—we are nothing but young; we are nothing but modern life. That is no merit, but believe me it is worth something; we hold our ears to the heartbeat of time, and endeavor to report its vaguest and most secret wishes.